

Judge Folsom's "Theft"

By MURIEL BLAIR

A beautiful young girl and a grand old man were about to cross the street in front of a second-rate city flat building. Suddenly the girl paused, halting her companion as well. She ran back into the building as if she had forgotten something.

"Take care, there!" shouted a voice filled with alarm, as the old man hurriedly stepped from the curb straight in the path of a speeding automobile.

The speaker was an athletic young man. His warning came too late, but his activity saved the situation. He made a superb dash. Just in time he drew the imperilled man back, but rather rudely shaken up.

"Are you hurt, Judge Folsom?" anxiously inquired a neighbor, rushing up to the spot.

"Judge Folsom—Judge Hiram Folsom?" spoke the young man quickly, touching his hat courteously.

"That is my name," replied the old man with a quiet dignity that well became the careworn but finely intellectual face. "I must thank you greatly. I told my daughter, Marcia, I was growing old and careless and—useless."

The speaker sighed. The face of his auditor showed a sympathetic nature. He had noticed a few moments previous the faded gentility of father and daughter. No one could help but observe Marcia Folsom.

Now she came hurrying, pale and breathless, from the house, having caught some fleeting rumor of her father's peril. She glided to his side and viewed gratefully the young man, who had drawn a sealed letter from his pocket.

"I was looking for your home," explained the young man. "I am the private secretary of Judge Warner. He is to be here in a few days, and the government district judges who were on the bench with you and himself twenty years ago, before he became governor, are to give him a banquet. I came on in advance of him. He expressed a special wish that you, his oldest friend, should be at the banquet. I deliver to you the invitation as an honored guest, and his letter to you."

With a quiver of the lip the words came slowly:

"I thank you, sir, but I have retired from all judicial and social functions."

"Father—no!" the fair girl placed a loving hand on the old man's arm. "Sir," to the messenger, "my father accepts your kind invitation with pleasure."

Perceval Ward bowed as though to some honored Lear and his loyal Cordelia.

Marcia led her father gently into the house and to the three bare but neat rooms they occupied.

She hid from him the fact that the hiring of a dress suit took all her little surplus cash.

It warmed the heart of the old judge, that first hour at the banquet, where cherished friends he had not seen for years vied with one another to show him honor. He fingered his napkin nervously, almost stealthily, under cover of a toast. When the group had adjourned to the hotel parlor, its proprietor approached him as he stood in a secluded corner.

"Judge Folsom," he spoke in a low undertone, "you must forgive me, but a set of nut picks are missing from the table. I know your circumstances, sir; I am your friend; I will gladly assist you, but—please return the articles quietly, and nothing shall be said about it."

Astonished, in amazement, then in absolute horror, the old man drew up to his fullest height. Into his noble face rushed the suppressed emotions of years. He sprang at the speaker. "You dare!" he choked out—"you dare to accuse me of a theft?"

"My dear Folsom!" cried the astonished Governor Warner, arriving at the scene, "what in the world does this mean?"

The hotel keeper tried to explain, while the governor held the struggling judge. He claimed that a servant had seen the judge secret something in his bosom.

Down went the silvered head. The face of the judge grew ashen. Confession, guilt seemed written in his face. Then he drew a napkin from his breast and handed it to his accuser. As it opened, there showed—oh, the pity of it!—a few dollars from the festive board. At that moment a servant arrived to breathlessly inform his employer that the missing articles had been found.

"Oh, my friend!" sobbed the great strong man beside the judge, "not until tonight did I know of your condition. A noble theft! Heaven certainly brought this about, that I should learn how, out of my great store, I can share with you, who started me on my career—you, who have been a hero, a martyr!"

"I cannot—cannot accept charity," faltered Judge Folsom.

"And you shall not. Go, sleep for the last night under the humble roof that is honored by your presence!"

It was Perceval Ward who conveyed to Judge Folsom the next morning a delicate loan and a life appointment as secretary of the great national law library.

It was Perceval Ward who, one week later, offered his love and fortune to the loyal daughter of a man to whom peace and happiness had come at last in full and overflowing measure.

New Methodist Church Will Cost Much Less Than the Estimates

The building committee of the Methodist church of this city, now engaged in supervising the construction of the new edifice in this city for that denomination, has received a number of pleasant surprises the past week or so. It begins to be apparent that the church did not make any mistake in deciding to go ahead with the construction, despite the apparently high costs. It will be possible, the committee thinks, to save a substantial sum over the estimates for the building.

To begin with, the lumber bill will be only a little over half of what they had expected to pay. Lumber costs have decreased an average of 30 per cent over this spring's prices. And there are other reductions, notably in the cost of the labor, which will not only figure up about half what it would have cost last year, but the workmen these days have a hustle on, which means a lot more.

One interesting comparison of building costs now and a year ago is seen in the cost of building the basement. Last year the church parsonage was built. There was only ninety-three cubic yards of excavation for the parsonage basement. The excavation for the church building amounted to nearly ten times that for the parsonage—1,100 cubic yards. Yet the building committee has checked up its costs and finds that this year the basement with 1,100 cubic yards of excavation cost only \$20 more than that of the parsonage a year ago.

The committee has saved additional money on the construction by patronizing a home firm, the Newberry Hardware company. The out-of-town bid on the steel construction work for the building was \$1,800, and the local firm was given the work at their figure of \$1,100. The lowest bid for stone trimming amounted to \$5,900, and it is believed that a saving of several thousand dollars will be made by substituting artificial stone made from white cement. Newberry's will plan the heating arrangements and build the furnace, as far as possible, here in their shops, and will still further augment the saving.

The work is progressing at a satisfactory rate. The foundation work is all completed and work of laying the pressed brick and the tile partitions has been going on for several days.

Methodists Win First Game for Season in Sunday School League

All the dopesters who have been saying that the Methodists would finally come to the front as soon as they got their teamwork to working are vindicated. The Methodists trounced the Baptists, 15 to 2, last evening, which moves them up from the bottom of the percentage column. Now they're on a par with the Baptists as tail-end contenders. Thursday the Baptists play the Presbyterians. Game called at 3 p. m.

Box score for Monday's game:

Methodists	r	h	e
Arthur Lunn, p	2	1	2
Walker, cf	3	1	2
Fern Gribble, ss	3	2	1
Herman Liedloff, 3b	2	1	2
Parker Davis, c	1	2	1
Frank Shepherd, 2b	0	1	2
Ellsworth Ralls, rf	2	0	1
Clifford Gregory lf	0	0	3

Floyd Irwin, 1b	2	0	1
Total	15	8	15
Baptists	r	h	e
Campbell, c	1	3	1
Ellis Wright, p	1	2	1
King Robbins, 2b	0	0	3
Charles Cross, 1b	0	0	3
Wynn Robbins, 1b	0	0	1
Romig, ss	1	0	0
Grace, cf	0	0	2
Paul Thompson, lf	0	1	1
Gail Robbins rf	0	0	2
Total	2	5	15

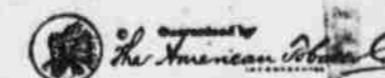
Standing of the Teams.

	G	W	L	Pct
Presbyterians	4	4	0	1000
Christians	5	3	2	600
Methodists	3	1	2	333
Baptists	3	1	2	332

Deprived of the toddy, they introduced the toddle. Youth will be served!



A new size package!
Ten for 10c.
Very convenient.
Dealers carry both;
10 for 10c; 20 for 20c.
It's toasted.



THIS WILL ASTONISH ALLIANCE PEOPLE

The quick action of simple witch-hazel, hydrastis, camphor, etc., as mixed in Lavoptik eye wash, will surprise Alliance people. One girl with weak, strained eyes was helped by a single application. Her mother could hardly sew or read because of eye pains. In one week she too was benefited. We guarantee a small bottle of Lavoptik to help ANY CASE weak, strained or inflamed eyes. Aluminum eye cut FREE. Fred E. Holsten, F. J. Brennan and Harry Thiele, druggists. T-2



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For letterheads and general printed forms we use and recommend a standard paper

that we know will give you satisfaction.

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1921

LINCOLN SEPTEMBER 4-5-6-7-8-9

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DEPICTING THE FINEST

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AMUSEMENTS

BEST AND CLEANEST ATTRACTIONS. HIGH CLASS MUSICAL PROGRAMS DAILY. AUTO RACES—LABOR DAY.

FIREWORKS—CIRCUS—HARNESS & RUNNING RACES

OUR AIM "A GREATER NEBRASKA" OUR MOTTO "SERVICE TO THE GREATEST NUMBER"

FAMILY OUTING—RELAXATION—DIVERSION—EDUCATION

It Will Pay You to

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With This Year's Large Crop, You Don't Want to Lose it Now, So—

Build Yourself a Good Granary

With the greatly reduced cost of building material it is not good policy to risk spoiling so many dollars worth of grain for lack of a place to keep it from the weather. Storage room may come in handy if you do not care to sell immediately.

THINK IT OVER WELL

Perhaps it will surprise you to learn just how moderate is the cost of a commodious granary. We are prepared to give you accurate figures, together with ideas on building.

Our Advice is Always at Your Service.

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When at home the Carafe keeps a constant supply of cold water, lemonade or ice tea on hand.

Thermos bottles and Carafes are modern conveniences for modern people. We have them in different capacities at prices that are downright economy.

Thermos,\$2.25 to \$14.50
Carafes\$5.00 to \$15.00

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You will enjoy hearing these new records, and we will be glad to play them for you at any time.

- 87327 When the Roses Bloom, Louise Reichardt. \$1.25
- 64970 Because You're You, Robe-Gitz Rice. \$1.25
- 18777 Cho-Cho-San, Fox Trot—Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra. 85c
- Song of India, Fox Trot—Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra. 85c
- 18778 Learn to Smile, Fox Trot—Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra. 85c
- Oh Me! Oh My! Medley Fox Trot—Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra. 85c
- 18773 I'm Nobody's Baby, Fox Trot—All Star Trio and Their Orchestra. 85c
- Listening, Fox Trot—All Star Trio and Their Orchestra. 85c
- 18772 St. Louis Blues, Fox Trot—Dixieland Jazz Band. 85c
- Jazz Me Blues, Fox Trot—Dixieland Jazz Band. 85c
- 35709 Stars and Stripes Forever, March—Sousa's Band. \$1.35
- Golden Star—Sousa's Band. 85c
- 18775 Down Yonder—Peerless Quartet. 85c
- Don't You Remember The Time?—Louise Terrell-Charles Hart. 85c
- 18776 Little Crumbs of Happiness—Charles Harrison. 85c
- Springtime—Charles Harrison. 85c
- 18774 All By Myself—Aileen Stanley. 85c
- Anna in Indiana—Arthur Fields. 85c
- 18762 Thinking of You—Peerless Quartet. 85c
- Carolina Lullaby—Albert Campbell-Henry Burr. 85c

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